

The history

With their first pallat, and trust to me *Ulysses*
Our imputation shalbe odly poizde
In this vilde action, for the successe,
Although perticuler shall giue a scantling
Of good or bad vnto the generall,
And in such *indexes* (although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes) there is scene,
The baby figure of the gyant masse,
Of things to come at large: It is suppos'd
He that meetes *Hector*, yssues from our choice,
And choice (being mutuall act of all our soules)
Makes merit her election, and doth boyle,
(As twere from forth vs all) a man distill'd
Out of our vertues, who miscarrying,
What heart receiues from hence a conquering part,
To steale a strong opinion to them selues.

Ulysses. Giue pardon to my speech? therefore tis meete,
Achilles meete not *Hector*, let vs like Marchants
First shew foule wares, and thinke perchance theile sell;
If not; the luster of the better shall exceed,
By shewing the worse first: do not consent,
That euer *Hector* and *Achilles* meet,
For both our honour and our shame in this, are dog'd with
two strange followers.

Nestor. I see them not with my old eyes what are they?

Ulysses. What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*

Were he not proud, we all should share with him:

But he already is too insolent.

And it were better partch in *Afrique* Sunne,

Then in the pride and fault scorne of his eyes

Should he scape *Hector* faire. If he were foild,

Why then we do our maine opinion crush

In taint of our best man. No, make a lottry

And by deuise let blockish *Ajax* draw

The sort to fight with *Hector*, among our selues,

Giue him allowance for the better man,

For that will phisick the great *Myrmidon*,

Who broyles in loud applause, and make him fall,

of Troilus and Cressida.

His crest that prouder then blew *Iris* bends,
If the dull brainlesse *Ajax* come safe off
Weele dresse him vp in voices, if he faile
Yet go we vnder our opinion still,
That we haue better men, but hit or misse,
Our proiects life this shape of sence assumes
Ajax imploy'd plucks downe *Achilles* plumes.

Nestor. Now *Ulysses* I begin to relisist thy aduise,
And I will giue a taste thereof forthwith,
To *Agamemnon*, go we to him straight
Two curres shall raine each other, pride alone
Must erre the mastiffs on, as twere a bone. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ajax and Therites.

Ajax. *Therites*.

Ther. *Agamemnon*, how if he had biles, full, all ouer, gene-
rally. *Ajax*. *Therites*.

Ther. And those biles did run (say so), did not the gene-
rall run then, were not that a botchy core. *Ajax*. Dogge.

Ther. Then would come some matter from him, I see none
now.

Aia. Thou bitchwolfs son canst thou not heare, seele then.

Ther. The plague of Greece vpon thee thou mongrell beefe
witted Lord.

Ajax. Speake then thou vnsalted leauen, speake, I will beate
thee into hansomnesse.

Ther. I shall sooner raile thee into wit and holinesse, but I
thinke thy horse will sooner cunne an oration without
booke, then thou learne praier without booke, thou canst
strike canst thou? a red murrion ath thy lades trickes.

Ajax. To de-foole? learne me the proclamation.

Ther. Dooft thou thinke I haue no sence thou strikest mee
thus?

Ajax. The proclamation:

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd foole I thinke.

Ajax. Do not Porpentin, do not, my fingers itch:

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foote, and I had
the scratching of the, I would make thee the lothsomest scab
in Greece, when thou art fough in the incursions thou strikest
as slow as another.

Ajax.